

Aylesbury. S. M.

Dr. Green.

48

1. Shall we go on to sin, Be-cause, thy grace abounds! Or cruci- fy the Lord again, And open all his wounds!

2. For bid it, mighty God: Nor let it e'er be said, That we, whose sins are crucified, Should raise them from the dead.

3. We will be slaves no more, Since Christ has made us free; Has nailed our tyrants to his cross. And bought our liberty.

Spaulding. S. M. verse.

Chorus

1. Come, holy Spirit, come. Let thy bright beams arise: Dispel the sorrows from our minds, Dispel the sorrows from our minds. The darkness from our eyes.

2. Cleanse us from our sins by faith in Jesus' blood; And to our wond'ring view reveal, And to our wond'ring view reveal, The boundless love of God.

3. Revive our drooping faith: Our debts and fears remove; And kindle in our hearts the flame, And kindle in our hearts the flame, Of never dying love.

Senierville.

S. M.

Mather.

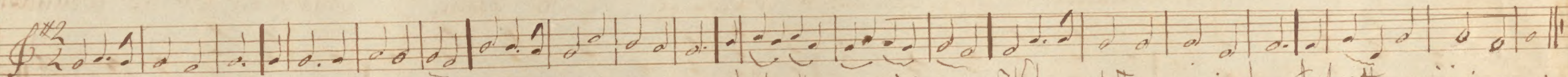
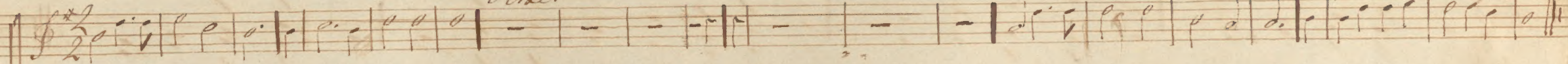
Thou gra-cious God and kind, Oh cast our sins a-way: Nor call our former guilt to mind. Thy jus-tice to dis-play.

Mason.

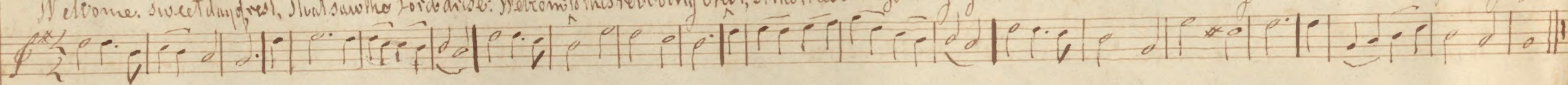
Rothsay. S. M.
Vox.

Chorus.

W. M.



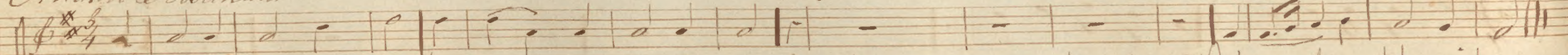
Welcome, sweet day, rest, That saw the Lord arise: Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes, Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.



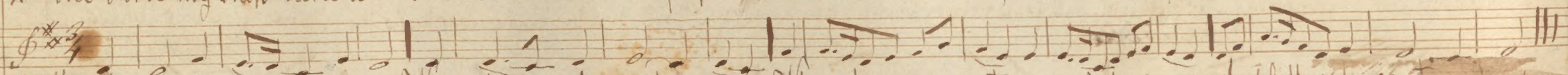
Andante to Sostinato.

Scio. S. M. Verse.

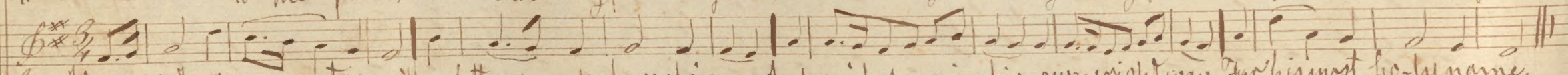
Chorus. T. M. Mason.



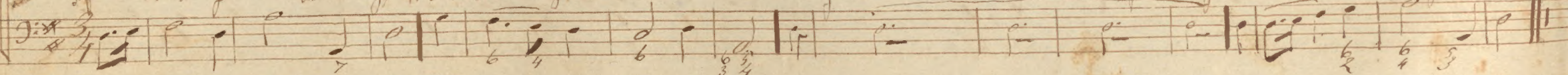
1. The Lord my Shep-herd is: I shall be well sup-plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side.



2. He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pas-ture grows, Where liv-ing wa-ters gent-ly pass, And full sal-va-tion flows.



3. If ever I go a-stray, He doth my soul reclaim, And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho-ly name,



Verse.

Chorus.

Robert. S. M.

verse.

Chorus. Arranged from an ancient Chant.

1. When overwhelmed with grief, My heart within me dies, Helpless, and far from all relief, To heaven I lift mine eyes. To heaven I lift my eyes.

2. Oh, lead me to the rock, That's high above my head; ~~Thou art the tower~~ And make the concert of thy wings, My shelter and my shade. My shelter and my shade.

3. Within thy presence, Lord, Forever I'll abide, Thou art the tower of my defence; The refuge where I hide; The refuge where I hide.

Clapton. S. M.

Jones.

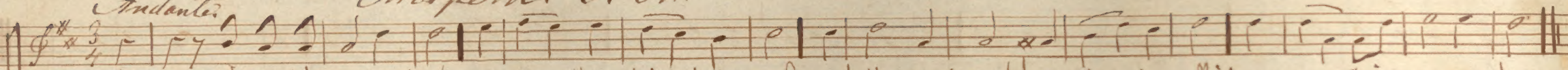
1. Thy name, Almighty Lord, Shall sound through distant lands, Great is thy grace, and sure thy word, Thy truth for ever stands.

2. Far be thine honor spread, And long thy praise endure, Till morning light and evening shade, Shall be exchanged no more.

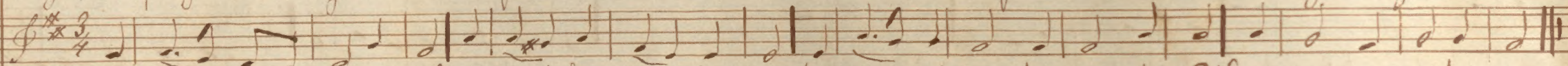
Morpeth. S. M.

J. Williams.

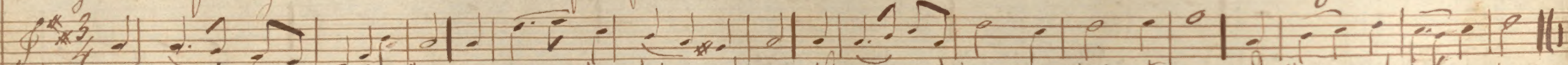
Andante.



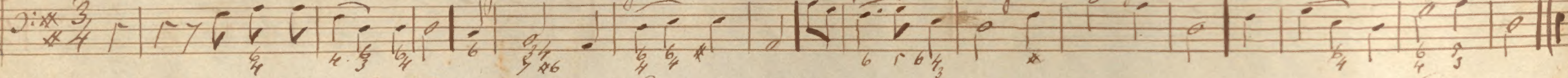
1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil-low take: Loud, to the praise of love di-vine, Bid eve-ry string a-wake.



2. Though in a for-eign land, We are not far from home: And nearer to our house a-bove We eve-ry mo-ment come.

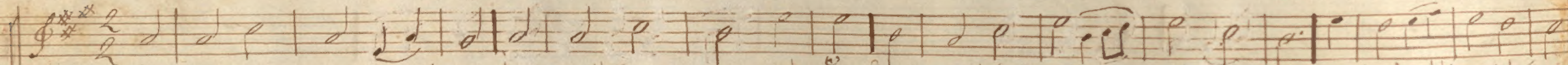


3. His grace will to the end Strong-er and bright-er shine: Nor pres-ent things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark di-vine.

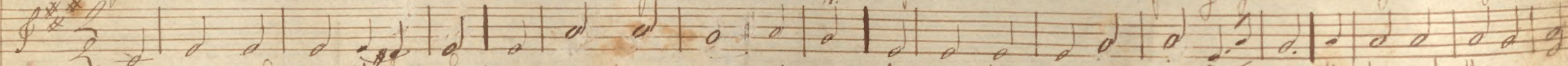


St. Thomas. S. M.

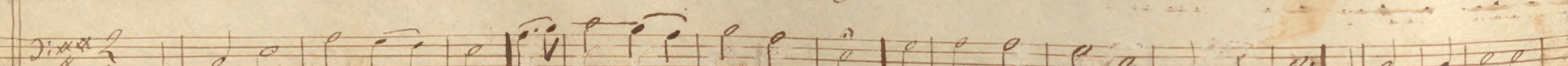
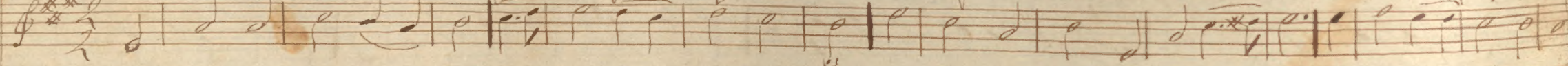
A. Williams



1. High as the heavens are raised, A-bove the ground we tread: So far the riches of thy grace. Our highest thoughts exceed



2. So mor-row Lord is thine. Lodg'd in thy sov-er-ign hand. And if its sun ar-ise and shine, It shine by thy com-mand.



Claytonville. S. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, come, With en-er-gy di-vine, And on this poor benight-ed Soul With beams of mer-cy shine.

2. Melt, melt this frozen heart; This stub-born will sub-due; Each e-vil pas-sion o-ver-come, And form me all a-new.

3. Mine will the prof-it be, But thine shall be the praise; And un-to thee will I de-vote The rem-nant of my days.

Southfield. S. M.

L. Mason.

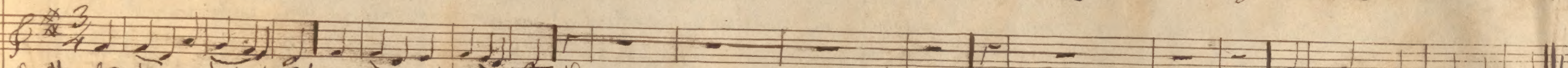
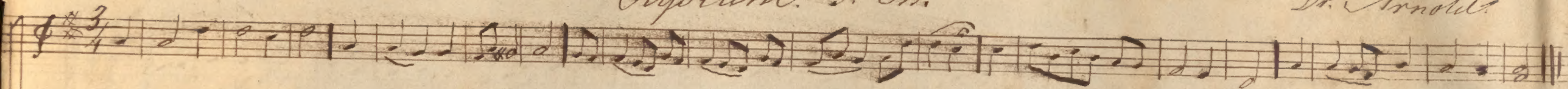
1. Thy name, almighty Lord, Shall sound through distant lands: Great is thy grace-and sure thy word: Thy truth forever stands.

2. Far be thine honor spread, And long thy praise endure, Till morning light and evening shade Shall be exchanged no more.

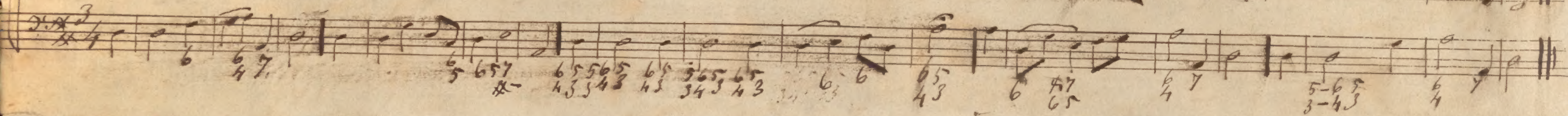
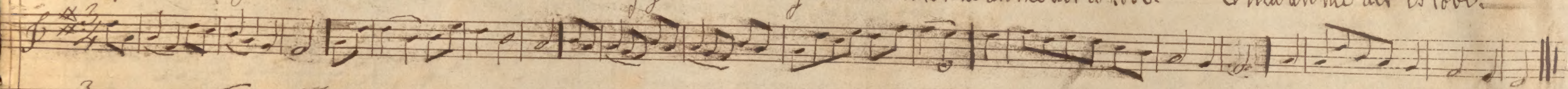
7 6 2 6 5 6 4 7 6 3 6 4 3 6 6 6 6 7 7

Elysium. S. M.

Dr. Arnold

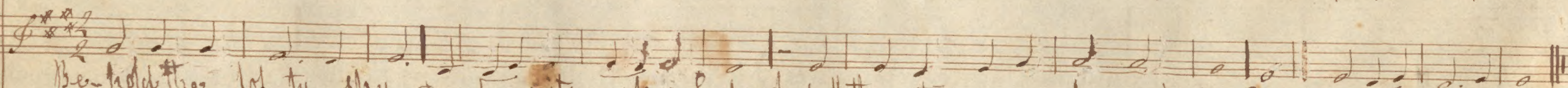
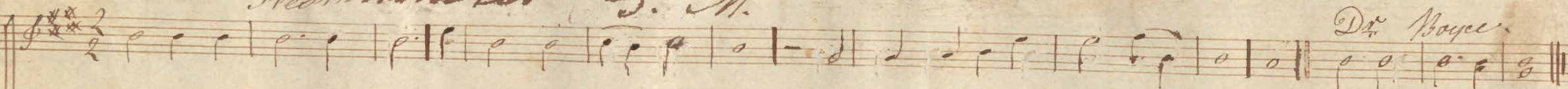


On the fair heavenly hills. The saints are blest above, Where joy like morning dew distils. And all the air is love. And all the air is love.

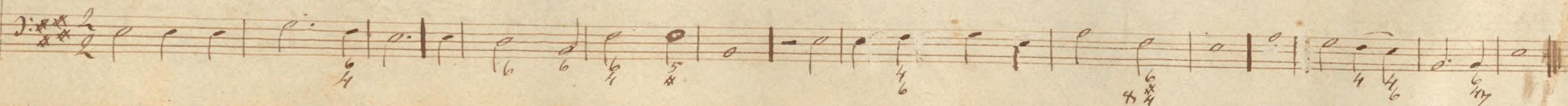
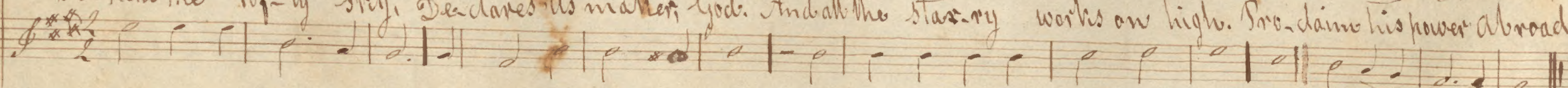


Westminster S. M.

Dr. Boyce



Behold the lofty sky, Declares its maker, God. And all the starry works on high. Proclaim his power abroad.



Cobourg. S. M.

Burnham.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord. And let our joys be known: join in a song with sweet ac-cord. And thus sur-round the throne,

2. Let those re-fuse to sing, Who never knew our God; But children of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys abroad.

3. The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heav'nly fields. Or walk the golden streets,

4. Then let our songs abound. And every tear be dry: We're marching thro' in-man-ue's ground, To fairer worlds on high.

Salmouth. S. M.

Verse

Chorus.

Come-sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing: Je-ho-vah is the sovereign God, The w-ni-ver-sal King, The uni-versal King.

Dunbar. S. M.

Corvilli.

1. When I-verwhelmed with grief, My heart with- in me dies, Helpless and far from all re- lief, To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh! lead me to the rock That is high a-bove my head, And make the covert of thy wings My shelter and my shade.

2 Within thy pre-sence, Lord, For-ev-er I'll a-bide, Thow art the tower of my defence. The refuge where I hide.

Handwritten musical notation for two staves, with various notes, rests, and accidentals. The first staff is in G major, 2/4 time, and the second staff is in D minor, 3/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Newton, S. M.

1. Be-hold the morning sun, Begins his glo-rious way: His beams thro' all the na-tions run, And life and light convey.

2 But when the gospel comes, It spreads di-vine light, It calls dead sinners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.

3 How per-fect is thy words! And all thy judgements just! For ever sure thy promises, Lord, And we se-cure-ly trust.

4 My gra-cious God, how plain are thy di-rections giv'n! Oh! may I never read in vain, But find the path to heav'n

Handwritten musical notation for two staves, with various notes, rests, and accidentals. The first staff is in G major, 3/4 time, and the second staff is in D minor, 3/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Market Street. S. M.

1. Oh! bless the Lord, my soul, Let all with- in me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose favors are divine.

2. Oh! bless the Lord my soul, Nor let his mercies lie For- got- ten in un- thank- fulness. And without praises die.

3. 'Tis he for gives thy sins, 'Tis he re- lieves thy pains; 'Tis he that heals thy sick- ness- es, And gives thee strength again.

4. He crowns thy life with love. When ransomed from the grave; He who redeemed my soul from hell, Hath sov- ering power to save,

Ananta, Lowell. S. M.

1. I languish for a sight of him who reigns on high- Je- sus, my soul's su- preme de- light: For him a- lone I sigh.

2. O that I knew the place Where I might find my God, And make the arms of his embrace My soul's se- cure a- bode,

3. Near to his mer- cy- seat, Where grace tri- umphant reigns, I'd come and wor- ship at his feet, And tell him all my pains,

Dover. S. M.

1. Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes the Churches his a- bode, His most de- light- ful seat.

2. The Lion God is known, A refuge in dis- tress: How bright was his sal- vation's throne! Through all her pale a- cess

Mansion, 4 Lines 4's.

J. Stephens.

Handwritten musical score for the first system of the hymn 'Mansion'. It consists of three staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The second staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The third staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

This God is the God we adore, Our faithful unchangeable friend, Whose love is as large as his power, And neither know measure or end, Is Jesus the

Handwritten musical score for the second system of the hymn 'Mansion'. It consists of three staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The second staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The third staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The system includes a 'Verse' section and a 'Chorus' section.

Verse.

Chorus.

And trust him for all that's to come,

first and the last, Whose spirit shall guide us safe home, We'll praise him for all that is good,

And trust him for all that's to come,

Founders Hall. S. M.

Wahner

Be-hold it with awful pomp, the Judge pre-pares to come! The arch-an-gel sounds the dreadful trumpet, And wakes the gen-eral doom, And wakes the gen-eral doom.

Chorus. S. M.

Gregorian Chant.

1. Your harp's, get trembling, vibrate down from the willow stalks, Sound to the praise of love divine. Bid every string awake,
 2. The eagle in a foreign land! We are not far from home, and nearer to our house above, the every moment come,
 3. His grace will to the ends of anger and wrath to shine! For present things, not things to come. That quench the spark divine.

Richard L. D.

Carlini;

1. My Soul; repeat his praise, Whose meries are so great, Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate, High as the

3. His power subdues our sin, And his forgiving love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt remove, The hie ty

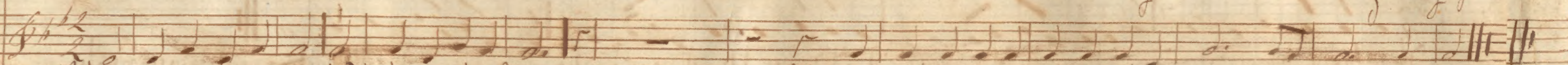
hea-v'n are raised, A-bove the ground we tread, So far the rich-ness of his grace, Our highest thoughts exceed, Our highest thoughts exceed.
 of the Lord: To those that fear his name, Is such a tender parent's feel: He knows our feeble frame, He knows our feeble frame.

Lisbon. S. M.

Theed.

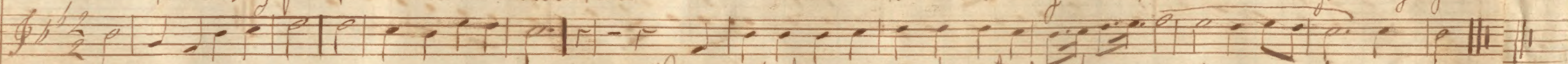


Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

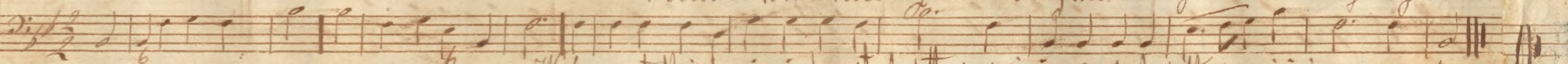


Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise.

Welcome to this reviving breast, And these re-joicing eyes.



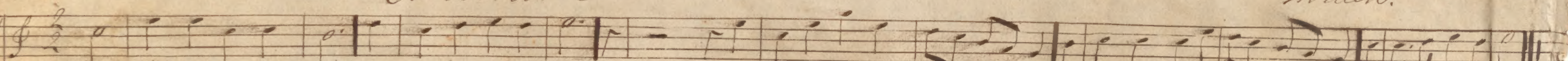
Welcome to this reviving breast, And these re-joicing eyes.



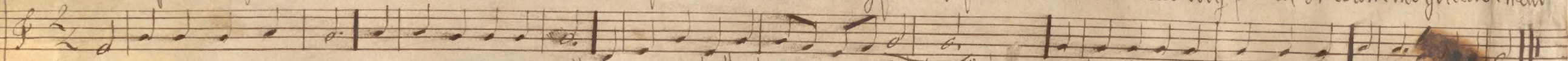
Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes. And these rejoicing eyes.

Concord. S. M.

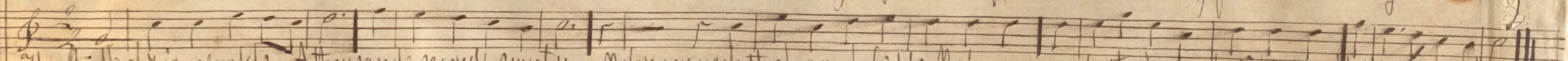
Holden.



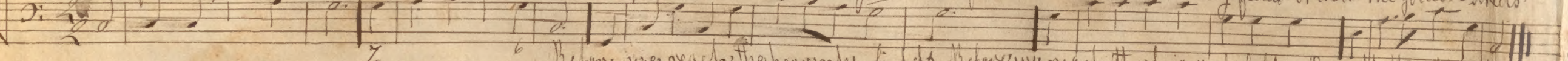
The hill of Zion yields, A thousand sacred sweets; Before we reach the heavenly fields. Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.



Before we reach the heavenly fields. Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.



The hill of Zion yields, A thousand sacred sweets; Before we reach the heavenly fields. Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.



Before we reach the heavenly fields. Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Lymington, L. P. M. or 6 Lines 4's. First. Metre

1. Thou art, O God, the life and light. Of all this wondrous world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but reflections caught from thee;

2. When day, with farewell beam, delays, Among the opening clouds of even, And we can almost think we gaze, Through opening vistas, into heaven.

3. When night, with wings of starry gloom, O'ershadows all the earth and skies, Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plumage, Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,— That sacred gloom, those fires divine, So good, grand, so countless, Lord, is thine.

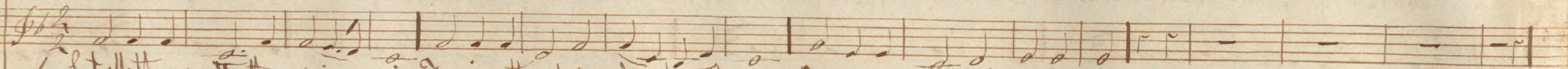
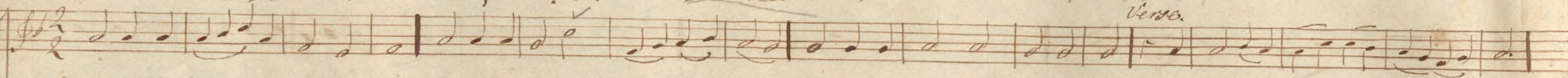
Verse. Where'er we turn, thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are thine, Those hues, that mark the sun's decline, So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

Chorus.

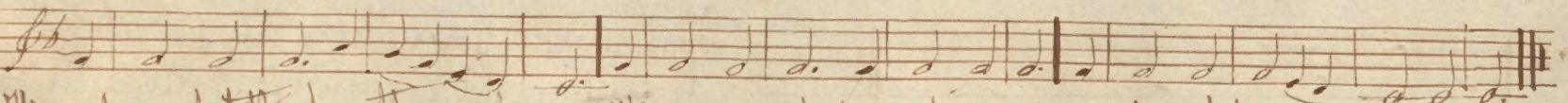
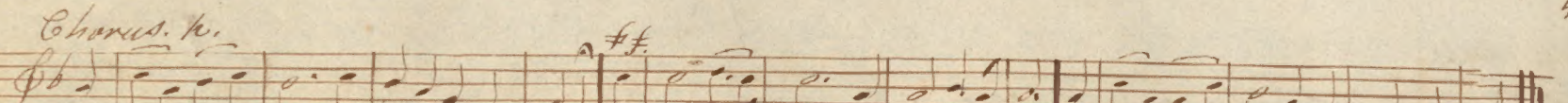
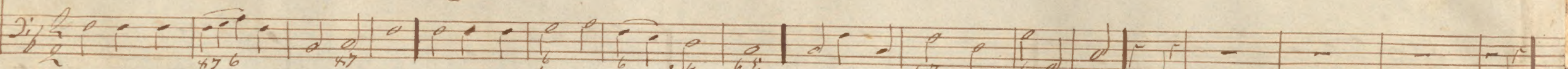
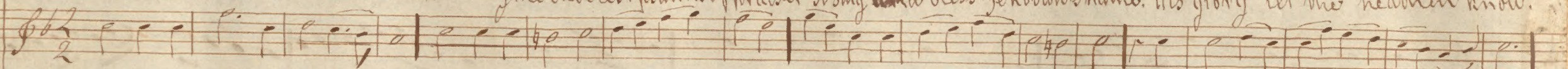
4. When youthful springs around us breathe, Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh; And every flower that summer wreathes, Is born beneath thy kindling eye; Where'er we turn, thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.

Chatham, L.P.M. No 6 Lines 4's, Second Metro.

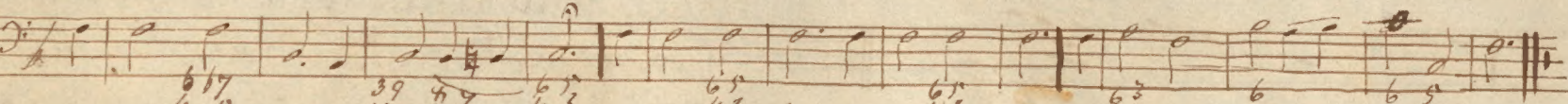
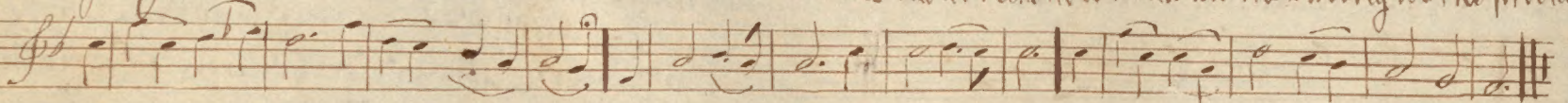
Verso.



1. Let all the earth their voices raise, to sing the choicest psalms of praise. To sing and bless Jehovah's name: His glory let the heathen know.



His glory let the heathen know. His wonders to the nations show. And all his saving works proclaim,



Organ.

2. He framed the globe: he built the sky.
He made the shining worlds on high.
And reigns compleat in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light,
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!
Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.